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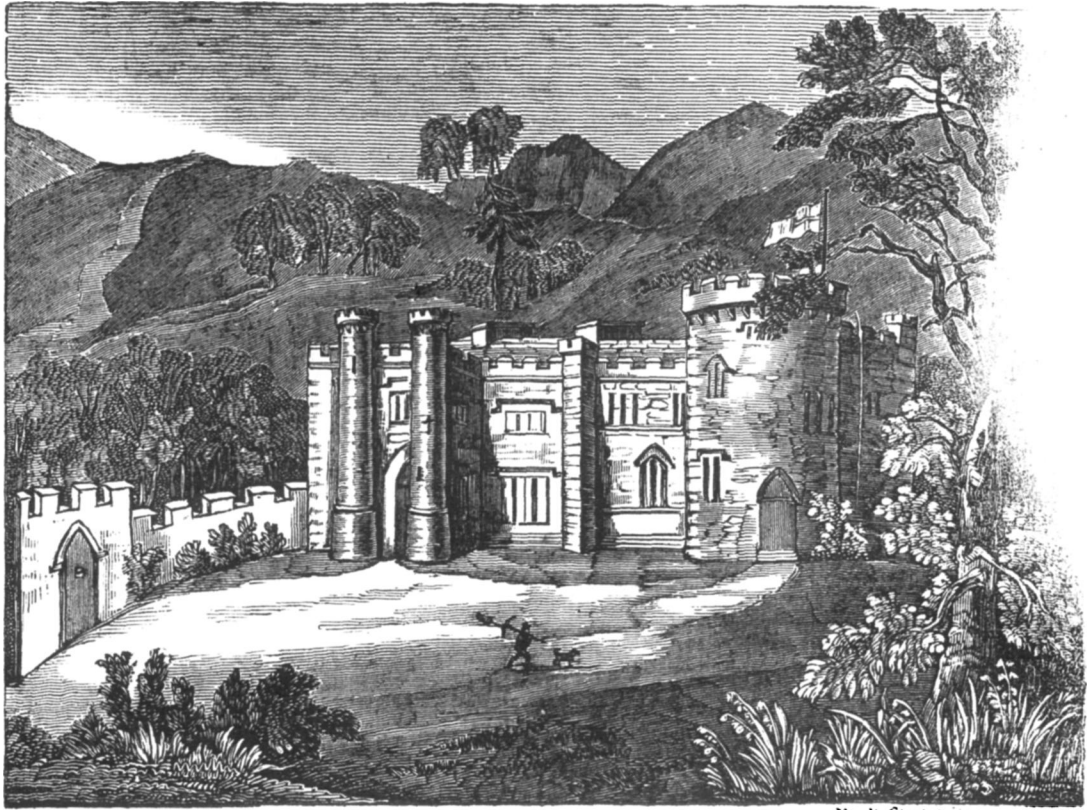
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CLIFDEN CASTLE, COUNTY OF GALWAY.

Mr. B. Clayton, del. sculp.

In our last, while describing the residence of Mr. O'Connell, we took occasion to give a slight sketch of those portions of the County of Kerry, which are so far removed from general observation, as to be but little known to the generality of the inhabitants of Ireland, not to mention those of England or Scotland. We shall now avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by the above view of Clifden Castle, to bring before the notice of our readers a few particulars relative to some of those unknown and unfrequented regions of Cunnemara, through which it has been proposed, that the great Atlantic Railway at present in contemplation should be conducted. We have preferred Mr. Inglis's observations to those of any other writer on the subject, inasmuch as his work contains the most recent information which has appeared relative to that district; and he is, withal, looked upon as a very impartial writer. His route lay through Galway by Loch Corrib, into Joyce's country, Clifden, and the Killeries, one of the wildest, and at the same time most picturesque, districts of country which our island presents to the notice of the traveller. About to leave Galway, he observes;—

"I was now about to leave for a while the more civilized part of Ireland behind me, and to travel through Cunnemara and Joyce's country, those districts which are the least visited; but of whose natural attractions I had heard all that could render the anticipation of my journey agreeable. * * *

"The situation of Ouchterard is agreeable. It is a straggling little village, part of it straggling as far as the loch (Corrib); and with one of the prettiest and most

limpid streams in the world dancing through it. Just above the village there is a succession of very pretty rapids, almost cascades; and on a beautiful green bank, at the foot of them, stands a pretty cottage, the property of Mr. Martin of Galway, as he and his predecessors have long been generally called. This house, Mr. Martin calls his gate-house; and it is not inaptly named, for the road from this spot passes, with very little interruption, through his estate, to his house at Ballinahinch—a distance of twenty-six Irish miles. * * * In the little river which runs through Ouchterard, pearls are found. I saw some very beautiful specimens—some as large as peas, and with a slightly pink tint.

"The direct road through Cunnemara runs along the chain of small lochs, of which Loch Uril is one, to Ballinahinch and Clifden, skirting the Mamturk range, and the Twelve Pins of Bunarola. Before taking this line, however, I was desirous of seeing that part of Cunnemara, which borders on Joyce's country, north of the Mamturk mountains, and at the extreme head of Loch Corrib—with this intention I left Ouchterard. The road which I took, is the same, for seven or eight miles, as the Clifden line. At first, it is not highly interesting, but merely wild. I journeyed up the bank of the little stream which runs through Ouchterard, and skirted several small lakes into which it expands; and then found myself approaching mountain scenery.....For a mile or two farther, the road continued in the same direction, still skirting a succession of little lakes, most of which were fringed with the beautiful white water-lily, reclining on its broad leaf; and now I diverged from the Clifden road, and struck directly

to the right, towards the mountains. The scenery here is extremely wild and solitary; there is no attempt at cultivation, and no habitation of any kind: I had not even a stream for a companion. Two old grey crows, however, hopped from rock to rock along with me by the road-side. I never saw in any part of Britain such heath as I gathered here. I could compare it only with the heath I have gathered in the province of Valencia, or on the coast of Sardinia.

"Another mile of ascent, brought me within sight of my destination—a single house, far below in the hollow of the hills—and opened a very striking view of a mountain amphitheatre; and soon after I reached Ma'am—or, as the inn-keeper has christened the house, 'Corrib-Head Hotel.' The scenery of Ma'am is fine—very fine. If a lake filled the hollow of the mountains, Killarney might tremble for its supremacy; for the outline of the mountain range surpasses in picturesque form any of the ranges that bound the lakes of Killarney. At Ma'am, one is forcibly struck with the advantages which would be opened up to this district, by the extension of the navigation of Loch Corrib to the sea. Fine slopes of reclaimable land border the deep stream, that at the distance of half a mile flows into Loch Corrib: and the same boats that would carry to market the produce of the cultivated land, would bring from the bay of Galway, sand, sea-weed, and lime, to be laid upon the yet unimproved wastes."

A PATTERN.

"I had frequently, since coming to Ireland, heard of a pattern being held; and had been asked if I had seen a pattern? It fortunately happened, that on the second day of my sojourn at Ma'am, a very celebrated pattern was to be held, on a singular spot, high up amongst the mountains, on a little plain, on the top of the pass between Mamturk and the neighbouring mountain—an elevation of about 1200; and I, of course, resolved to be present. A pattern was, originally, a religious ceremony, and was, and still is, always celebrated near to a holy well; but although some still frequent the pattern for devotional purposes, it is now resorted to chiefly as a place of recreation, where, after the better disposed have partaken of the innocent amusements of dancing and moderate hilarity, drunkenness and fighting wind up the entertainment.

"I was accompanied in my excursion by the innkeeper; and the road being rather toilsome, I was accommodated with a horse. This, however, was a luxury which I was soon obliged to disencumber myself of; for a great part, or rather, by far the greater part of the road being through bogs, I soon found the horse to be a dangerous companion, and was glad to leave him behind, at a cabin door, and make my way through the bog on foot. It requires some practice to be an expert bog-trotter; to know where one may safely rest one's weight; where one must skip lightly from tuft to tuft; and where one must not risk an advance at all. I had had some experience of bogs before coming to Ireland, and proved so apt a learner in bog-trotting, that, during the whole of my journey, I never committed so great an error of judgment as to sink even knee-deep.

"The ascent to the spot where the pattern was to be held, was picturesque in the extreme. Far up the winding way, for miles before us, and for miles behind, too, groups were seen moving up the mountain side—the women, with their red petticoats, easily distinguishable; some were on foot, some few on horseback, and some rode double. About half-way up, we overtook a party of lads and lasses, beguiling the toil of the ascent, by the help of a piper, who marched before; and whose stirring strains every now and then prompted an advance in jig-time up the steep mountain path. Some few we met coming away—sober people, who had performed their station at the holy well, and had no desire to be partakers in the sort of amusement that generally follows.

"Every body in this part of the country is called Joyce; and the spot where the pattern is held, is claimed by the Joyces to be in Joyce's country: but this is not admitted by the Cunnemara boys; and, accordingly, two factions, the Joyces and their opponents, usually hold patterns near the same ground, though not close together; but

yet so near, as to make it impossible that the meetings should break up without a *scrimmage*. The Joyces are a magnificent race of men; the biggest, and stoutest, and tallest, I have seen in Ireland; eclipsing even the peasantry of the Tyrol; and I believe, indeed, their claims on this head are universally admitted. I shall, by and by, have an opportunity of introducing the reader to *big Jack Joyce*, when I visit him in his own house.

"When I reached the summit of the Pass, and came in sight of the ground, it was about four in the afternoon, and the pattern was at its height: and truly, in this wild mountain spot, the scene was most striking and picturesque. There were a score tents or more—some open at the sides, and some closed; hundreds in groups were seated on the grass, or on the stones, which lie abundantly there. Some old persons were yet on their knees, beside the holy well, performing their devotions; and here and there apart, and half-screened by the masses of rocks which lay about, girls of the better order, who had finished their pastimes, were putting off their shoes and stockings to trot homeward; or were arranging their dress; or, perhaps, though more rarely, exchanging a word or two with a Joyce, or a Cunnemara boy. All was quiet when I reached the ground; and I was warmly welcomed as a stranger by many, who invited me into their tents. Of course, I accepted the invitation, and the pure potheen circulated freely.

"By and by, however, some boastful expression of a Joyce appeared to give offence to several at the far end of the tent; and something loud and contemptuous was spoken by two or three in a breath. The language which, in compliment to me, had been English, suddenly changed to Irish. Two or three glasses of potheen were quickly gulped by most of the boys; and the innkeeper who had accompanied me, and who sat by me, whispered that there would soon be some fighting. I had seen abundance of fighting on a small scale in Ireland; but, I confess, I had been barbarous enough to wish I might see a regular faction fight, and now I was likely to be gratified. Taking the hint of the innkeeper, I shook hands with the 'boys' nearest to me, right and left; and taking advantage of a sudden burst of voices, I stepped over my bench, and, retiring from my tent, took up a safe position on some neighbouring rocks.

"I had not long to wait: out sallied the Joyces, and a score of other 'boys,' from several tents at once, as if there had been some preconcerted signal; and the flourishing of shillelahs did not long precede the using of them. Any one to see an Irish fight, for the first time, would conclude that a score or two must inevitably be put *hors-de-combat*. The very flourish of a regular shillelah, and the shout that accompanies it, seem to be the immediate precursors of a fractured skull; but the affair, though bad enough, is not so fatal as it appears to be: the shillelahs, no doubt, do sometimes descend upon a head, which is forthwith a broken head; but they oftener descend upon each other; and the fight soon becomes one of personal strength. The parties close and grapple; and the most powerful man throws his adversary: fair play is but little attended to; two or three often attack a single man; nor is there a cessation of blows, even when a man is on the ground. On the present occasion, five or six were disabled; but there was no homicide; and after a *scrimmage*, which lasted perhaps ten minutes, the Joyces remained masters of the field. The women took no part in the fight; but they are not always so backward: it is chiefly, however, when stones are the weapons, that women take a part, by supplying the combatants with missiles. When the fight ended, there were not many remaining, excepting those who were still in the tents, and who chanced to be of neither faction. Most of the women had left the place when the quarrel began, and some of the men too. I noticed, after the fight, that some, who had been opposed to each other, shook hands and kissed; and appeared as good friends as before. The sun was nearly set when the pattern finally broke up; and, with the bright sun flaming down the cleft, and gilding all the slopes, the scene was even more striking now, than when we ascended. The long line of pedestrians and horses stretched many miles down the lengthened defile; and the

mountain notes of the pipe—and the occasional burst of voices—and the lowing of the cattle, roused by these unwonted sounds—filled all the hollow of the hills. It was quite dark when we reached Ma'am."

ROAD TO CLIFDEN.

"In order to gain the road to Clifden, it was necessary to return to the point at which I left it, in going to Ma'am. I then turned to the westward, and pursued my journey. The road still lay along that chain of small lakes, which extend all the way from Ouchterard, almost the whole length of Cunnemara; and it was impossible to cast the eye over the vast inclined plains of bog-land, skirted by fine water levels, which seemed to invite draining, without feeling a conviction of the immense capabilities of this part of Ireland; and seeing, in prospective, these vast tracts bearing abundant produce—and the chains of lochs carrying that produce—on the one side, to Loch Corrib and Galway bay; and, on the other, to Birterbuy bay, or one of the other bays, which lie to the westward. Some improvements are at present in progress by a gentleman who holds land under Mr. St. George, one of the proprietors of Cunnemara: but, I believe, there are certain obstacles in the way of success. I question whether much ever will, or can be done, in cultivating the waste reclaimable lands of Ireland, by the proprietors themselves. Capital and enterprise are alike wanting. This, however, it is—the cultivation of the reclaimable wastes, that can alone provide permanent employment for the people, and effect a real change in their condition. To cultivate lands, where the produce cannot be taken cheap to market, would, of course, be the act of an insane person; but if government were to provide, in the first place, for the transmission of produce, by the construction of roads wherever wanted, and of canals, or river navigation, wherever practicable, (by which employment would be found for the people, and poverty and idleness, the great feeders of agitation, in part removed,) we are entitled to believe, that capital would flow in the direction where it would be wanted, and where a certain return would await its employment.

"When I left Ma'am, I anticipated a fine afternoon; but I was mistaken in my judgment. The mountains became gradually obscured; the mists began to rise from the defiles and ravines; and I quickened my pace, to reach a house called *Flynn's*, or the half-way—the only house, I think, that presents itself in a distance of about twelve miles. Shortly before reaching this resting place, I passed a fine lake on the right, adorned with wooded islands. It is singular, that throughout the greater part of Cunnemara, the only wood that is to be found, is on the islands in the lakes. The rain had begun some time ago; and it came down in such torrents, that long before reaching the half-way house, I was thoroughly drenched. My portmanteau I had sent from Ma'am, to await my arrival some days afterwards, at a spot called *Jack Joyce's*; but I had hired a ragged lad to carry all that was necessary for a drenched man; and I was soon in a condition to pay my respects to the inmates in the kitchen—which was also fain to serve as a parlour. I found the kitchen full, and abundance of merriment going forward. There was a piper, and a fiddler, both of whom had been at the pattern; there were Joyces and Flynn—men and women—boys and girls; and here I saw by far the finest specimen of an Irish girl, I had yet seen in Ireland. She was a magnificent creature, the daughter of the hostess, with a fine, expressive, and somewhat aristocratic face, and a form of perfect symmetry; her sweetheart was there—a Joyce, only seventeen years of age, but six feet three inches in height, and weighing upwards of sixteen stone: the girl was eighteen; but the match was not perfectly approved of, he being a Joyce, and she a Flynn; the Joyces and the Flynn being not entirely at one.

"The rain continuing to come down in torrents, it was out of the question to continue my journey; and, therefore, all I had to do, was to make myself as agreeable to the company as possible. It is no difficult task to become a sudden favourite with the lower classes in Ireland; there is always a disposition to look favourably on a stranger; and if that stranger lays aside all pretension—is familiar with those whom he meets, and accommodates himself

to circumstances—he is sure to be treated not merely with civility, but with respect, and even affection. Dancing was the great amusement of the evening; and excellent dancers some of the party were. I was not a novice in the mysteries of the jig; and did not decline the invitation of the hostess and her beautiful daughter. The more vigorously I danced, the greater was my popularity; and at the conclusion of every turn 'Long life to your honour!' was the universal exclamation. Nor was it possible to decline a little poteen; though this I took in greater moderation than the dancing. I don't know where all the household and visitors got beds; I saw no bedroom excepting the one I occupied; and I would very willingly that it had been occupied by any body but myself. To have looked for a clean bed here would have been ridiculous."

"I passed through a considerable tract of country here, without any inhabitants, or any cultivation; but house-began to appear, as I approached Ballinahinch. I spent an hour or two in this neighbourhood, sitting with and talking with, and *tasting* with, the small landholders. I found them generally in a situation of comparative comfort; I do not mean, that they actually lived comfortably; but that there was nothing in the circumstances in which they were placed, to prevent the enjoyment of comfort. All had one, two, or more cows: all had turf for nothing; and all had the privilege of fishing during a certain season. These are great advantages, unknown to the small farmer of the flat and fertile districts. I must not omit to say, that every one had his little patch of barley, for the manufacture of poteen; and he made no secret of it.

"I now came in sight of Ballinahinch, which is not the kind of place one would expect to find, as the residence of an individual who is the king of these districts, and through whose dominions one has been travelling during the greater part of thirty miles. The situation of the house is good; it stands upon the well-wooded bank of a long narrow lake; and is backed by a magnificent range of dark and lofty mountains; but the edifice itself has nothing baronial about it; its look is quite modern; and it is rather diminutive. Over all his own country, however, Mr. Martin is quite a sovereign. An individual, speaking to me of the family, said, that Colonel Martin, that is—the Martin—was the best Martin that ever *reigned*. Mr. Martin was in London when I was in this neighbourhood."

ROUNDSTONE, AND WILDS OF CUNNEMARA.

"The road by which I journeyed to Roundstone, conducted me through a wild, and not very picturesque country.....Roundstone is a straggling village, situated on the west side of Roundstone bay, which is a part of Birterbuy bay. The village is little more than seven years old, and for its age, has an aspect of tolerable prosperity. There are about thirty-five houses in the village, and eight or ten building. The exports from Roundstone are, oats, turf, and sea weed, for Galway and the ports of Clare. The export of grain, however, I suspect, is as yet but trifling. Cunnemara is supposed at present to produce about 1500 tons of oats; but a large portion of this quantity is made into whiskey; and besides, Roundstone is not the only port of Cunnemara. Many intelligent persons are of opinion, that the site of Roundstone was ill chosen, and that it will never rise to any great prosperity."

"Behind Roundstone, rises the mountain called *Urrisbeg*, which I ascended the evening after my arrival in Roundstone. There is a mountain path about half-way up; and the remainder of the ascent is through heathy slopes, and over rocks, with scarcely any bog-land intervening. Cunnemara is remarkable for the variety of flowers and plants which grow wild upon its mountains. I gathered on *Urrisbeg*, many very beautiful, and some of them rare, wild flowers; amongst others, the Irish heath, or bell heather; the beautifully pink-streaked water pimpernel; the eye-bright, with its little yellow eye; the bright tinted tormentilla; gentiana; the red bear berry; London pride, though not then in flower; innumerable heaths, amongst others, the *erica limerea*; *adiantum*, *capillus veneris*, or maiden hair; the *Silberry*; dwarf juniper; the silver leaf, &c. The Mediterranean heath (*erica mediterranea*) is also found on these mountains; as well as the *menisium patrifolia*.

"The view from the summit of Urrisbeg is more singular than beautiful. Here Cunnemara is perceived to be truly that which its name denotes—'bays of the sea.' The whole western coast of Cunnemara is laid open, with its innumerable bays and inlets; but the most striking and singular part of the view, is that to the north, over the districts called Urrisbeg and Urrismore. These are wide, level districts, spotted by an almost uncountable number of lakes; and, mostly, entirely uncultivated and uninhabited. I endeavoured, from my elevated position, to reckon the number of lakes; and succeeded in counting upwards of a hundred and sixty. Shoulders of the mountain, however, shut out from the view some of the nearer part of the plain; and other parts were too distant to allow any very accurate observation; so that I have no doubt, there may be three hundred lakes, great and small, in this wild and very singular district. Several of the lakes have islands upon them; and by the aid of a good telescope, which I carried with me, I perceived that many of these islands were wooded. A tract of this country, six miles in diameter, is at present let for £6. 4s.

"It has been a common saying, by way of expressing the barbarous condition of this part of Ireland, that the king's writ never went over Cunnemara; and, I believe, that where there has been any inclination to dispute the progress of the king's writ, the saying is a true one." * *

"I now left Roundstone for Clifden, which lies about ten miles to the north-west. The road to Clifden skirts that singular country of lakes which I saw from the summit of Urrisbeg mountain, and gives the traveller the opportunity of a nearer observation of it. It is an entirely unpeopled and most desolate-looking tract: ranging the eye over the whole extent of it, not a habitation is to be seen, nor a living creature of any kind—nothing but a vast flat of brown heathy land, with innumerable lakes of all dimensions and forms gleaming in every direction. Some of these lakes lay close to the road; many of them, as my telescope had already shown me, encircled wooded islands; and I was near enough to see, that a considerable portion of the wood was yew.

"As I approached Clifden, the country began to improve: a few cottages skirted the road, and some little cultivation surrounded the cottages; and close upon Clifden the scenery becomes agreeable and picturesque. Nothing, indeed, can be prettier than the situation of Clifden, at the head of the deep narrow inlet of the sea, above which it stands, and with a splendid amphitheatre of mountains half surrounding it.

THE TOWN OF CLIFDEN.

Relative to the little town of Clifden a correspondent writes:—"It is a neat and rising town, situated at the head of Arbar bay. In it are erected some public buildings, chiefly in the Gothic style, viz. a church, chapel, bride-well, school-house, &c. and a brewery and distillery. Some enterprising men have built corn stores, which afford to the peasant a ready market for his grain. There is a quay at which vessels of two hundred tons can lie; and about a mile farther down the bay, is the anchorage, where the vessels of war ride safely in the heaviest storms. It is a daily post, and the rendezvous to which his Majesty's vessels on the coast resort for their letters. Passing through the town, about a mile farther westward, is the castellated entrance to the demesne; and this, indeed, appears a paradise in the wilderness. The grounds are tastefully laid down, and thickly and beautifully planted; and in its centre, surrounded and sheltered on the east, north, and west, the castle suddenly opens to our view. Exactly opposite, and full in its view, is the anchorage for large vessels. Here they can be secure from every blast, in a smooth, untroubled sea, within two miles of the great Atlantic. The castle is a modern building, erected by its present possessor, John D'Arcy, Esq. the proprietor of the town, and the promoter of every establishment that can benefit a thriving and grateful tenantry."

Mr. Inglis thus describes it:—

"Clifden is only fourteen (sixteen) years old, and is a wonderful place for its age. Fifteen (seventeen) years ago, not a house was built: now it reckons upwards of a hundred good slated, and perhaps half as many thatched houses. Nor is it a mere straggling congregation of

houses; there are three streets—two of them good streets—and many respectable looking shops.

"Clifden has a considerable export trade in oats, and a rapidly increasing trade. It was thought, that the export of oats, for the year 1854, would reach a thousand tons. I noticed one large corn store newly built; and another in course of building. There is also some export of kelp from Clifden; but it is now very trifling. There can be no doubt that the decline of the kelp trade has been of service to Cunnemara, by encouraging the employment of sea-weed in agriculture, which would certainly not have been the case, if there had been a market for it. Clifden also enjoys a pretty good retail trade, considering the yet limited extent of the town, and the scanty population of the surrounding district. I saw no shop unoccupied; and I was told, that many of the trades-people are in comfortable circumstances.

"Mr. D'Arcy, of Clifden Castle, has the merit of having founded this town, and of having made it what it is; and yet it has never cost him a shilling. He pointed out the advantages which would accrue to this remote neighbourhood from having a town, and a sea-port so situated; and he offered leases for ever, of a plot of ground for building, together with four acres of mountain land, at but a short distance from the proposed site of the town, at 25s. per annum. This offer was most advantageous, even leaving out of account the benefit which would necessarily be conferred by a town, on a district where the common necessities of life had to be purchased thirty miles distant; and where there was no market, and no means of export for agricultural produce: and so the town of Clifden was founded, and grew." * *

"Let no traveller be in this neighbourhood, without visiting Clifden Castle, the delightful residence of Mr. D'Arcy. The walk from Clifden, by the water-side, is perfectly lovely; and the distance is not greater than two miles. The path runs close by the brink of a long narrow inlet of the sea, the banks of which, on both sides, are rugged and precipitous. It was an evening of extraordinary beauty when I sauntered down this path; the tide was full, and the inlet brimful and calm; and beyond the narrow entrance of the bay, lay, in almost as glassy a calm, though with a gentle heaving, the wide waters of the Atlantic. After reaching the entrance of the bay, and rounding a little promontory, Clifden Castle comes into view. It is a modern castellated house; not remarkable in itself; but in point of situation, unrivalled.—Mountain and wood rise behind: and a fine sloping lawn in front, reaches down to the beautiful land-locked bay; while to the right, the eye ranges over the ocean, until it mingles with the far and dim horizon.

SCENES AROUND CLIFDEN.

"Twenty years ago, the whole of this was a bog: and now not a rood of bog-land is to be seen. The lawn I saw laden with a magnificent crop of hay; while at the same time, the sunk fence shewed a deep bog. I returned to Clifden by the mountain road, and was again delighted with the new views which the road disclosed,—more Swiss in character, than anything I had seen in Ireland. The mountain range behind Clifden,—the Twelve Pins of Bunarola,—is almost worthy of Switzerland. In its outline nothing can be finer. Altogether, I was greatly pleased with Clifden; and I think I may safely risk a prophecy, that this town will rapidly rise into importance. Should Cunnemara ever be generally brought into cultivation, which I confidently anticipate, it is from this neighbourhood that the produce of the western parts of Cunnemara must be exported."

"I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that the scenery, in passing from Clifden, to the Killeries and Lennane, is the finest in Ireland. In boldness of character, nothing at Killarney comes at all near to it; and although the deficiency of wood, excludes the possibility of a competition with Killarney in picturesque beauty, I am certainly of opinion, that the scenery of this part of Cunnemara, including especially, the Killeries, which is in Joyce's country, is entitled to rank higher than the more praised, because better known, scenery of Killarney..... Be it known too, that this is a country of lakes,—lakes with as fine mountain boundaries, as are to be found in

the three kingdoms. But it is time I should proceed upon my journey.

"The first six or seven miles after leaving Clifden, the road lies through a peopled country, though not thickly peopled. The scenery is of the most varied and attractive character: one has glimpses of a hundred beautiful and striking scenes, on land and sea,—climbing up high steep, and then descending into deep valleys; skirting and rounding deep inlets of the sea; and still, calm, freshwater lakes; and now and then catching peeps into the long solitary valleys, and deep hollows, that lie in the heart of the mountains."

"For many miles I travelled through a succession of most striking scenery, by the margin of lakes, lying in the very heart of the mountains, which are in many places precipitous,—everywhere, of the most picturesque forms; here and there lofty enough, and rugged enough to verge upon sublimity; and which never degenerated into tameness of outline or insignificance in elevation. The scenes were generally of a solitary character; for few cattle or sheep were on the mountain sides; the curlew and the plover only, were on the margin of the lakes; and the bouquet of heaths, was reserved for the wild bee."

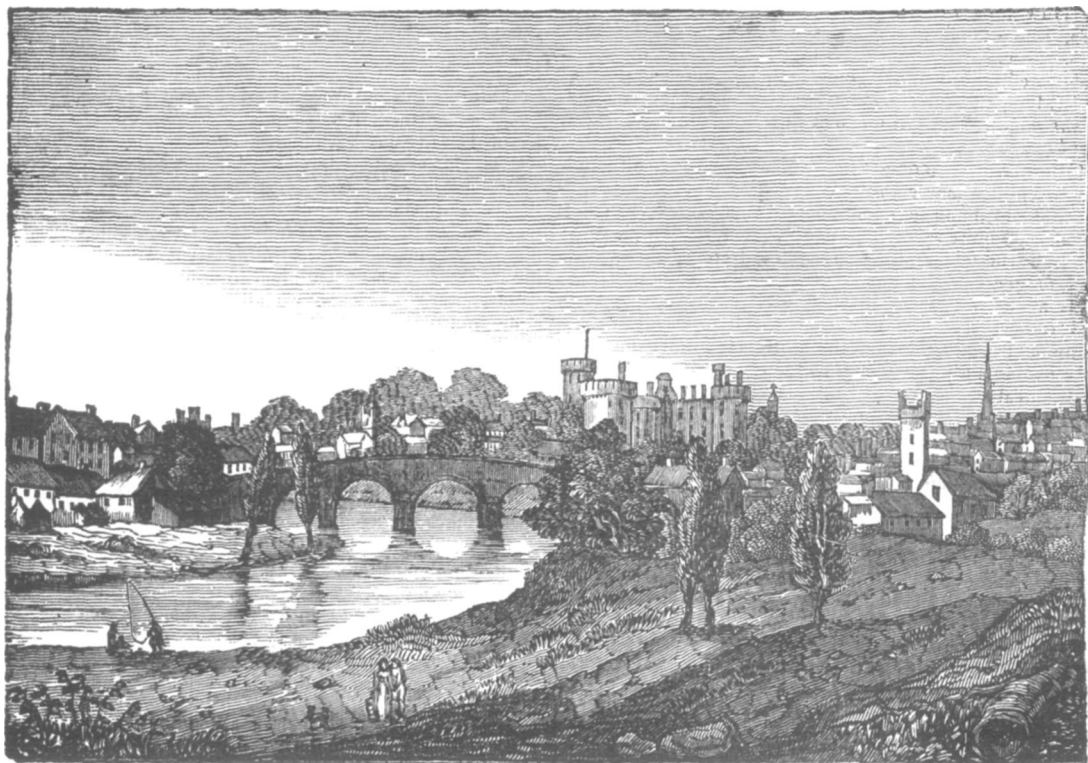
THE KILLERIES.

"After passing through a somewhat more open country, I suddenly dropped down upon the Killery. The Killery is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms as any in Ireland. It may easily be conceived how great the attractions of this scene must be. It is of an entirely novel character; and resembles more, the scenery of a Norwegian *Fiord*, than any thing I know nearer home. The inlet is not above an English mile across: several parts of the mountain boundary rise abruptly from the water; but there are here and there clefts and hollows, which discover more elevated peaks beyond, and show the breadth and extent of the range. There is no scene

in England of the same character as the Killery; nor another in Ireland either, on so grand a scale. If the mountain sides on the Killery were wooded, it would be almost unnecessary to travel into Norway in search of scenery.... It is from the water only that scenery of this kind is seen in perfection. A blue sky—a perfect calm—mild air—and magnificent scenery—united in furnishing forth a banquet of enjoyment; and I reached the house of *Jack Joyce*, fully disposed to be pleased with whatever the helpmate of this renowned person should set before me. This is one of the most noted spots in these wilds; and the owner one of the most noted persons."

"I purposed going forward to Westport that evening, and, indeed, actually set out; but I changed my mind. It would have been dark before I could have reached Westport; and I do not approve of passing through a strange country in the dark. Do not suppose I mean to question the security of travelling in these parts. I mean only to question the propriety of passing in the dark through a country which one wishes to see. The traveller need be under no apprehension in any part of Ireland. Irish outrages are never committed upon strangers; and however strong the disposition may be among the peasantry of Ireland to oppose the law and screen delinquents, I do not believe an outrage committed on a stranger and a traveller, would receive any thing but condemnation from all classes.

"A two or three hours' ramble among the mountains spent the evening much to my mind. It was as splendid an evening as it had been a day. Every mountain top was clear: and from some neighbouring heights all the Mayo mountains were placed in magnificent amphitheatre before me—the celebrated 'Reek' in the midst of them, raising its cone sharp and clear above them all. An hour's chat with *the Joyce*, and the accompaniment of a glass of whiskey and water, finished the day: and notwithstanding that the way-farer's bed-room in the house of *Jack Joyce* had not much to boast of, over the accommodation of Mr. Flynn at the half-way house, fatigue kindly rendered me insensible to all annoyances."



THE CITY OF KILKENNY, FROM THE NORTH.

The city of Kilkenny (literally, the Church of St. Kenny, or Kenicus) contains the towns of Kilkenny proper, and the Irish town, or St. Canice's. It must have

been formerly a place of great strength, consequence, and beauty, if we judge from the remains of its gates, towers and walls, and from the venerable ruins of its monasteries,